

my heart is set on. Well! Isn't it plain
what I want of you when I say that? Isabel
Miller, I want you to be my wife!"

Isabel's only reply to this extraordinary
proposal of marriage was a faint cry of
astonishment, followed by a sudden trem-
bling that shook her from head to foot.

Hardyman put his arm round her with a
gentleness which his oldest friend would
have been surprised to see in him.

"Take your time to think of it," he said,
dropping back again into his usual quiet
tone. "If you had known me a little better,
you wouldn't have mistaken me, and you
wouldn't be looking at me now as if you
were afraid to believe your own ears. What
is there so very wonderful in my wanting to
marry you? I don't set up for being a saint.
When I was a young man I was no better
than a worse than most of the young men.
I'm getting on now to middle life. I don't
want adventures; I want an easy
existence with a nice, lovable woman who
will make me a good wife. You're the woman,
I tell you again. I know it by what
I've seen of you myself, and by what I have
heard of you from Lady Lydiard. She said
you were prudent and sweet-tempered and
affectionate; to which I wish to add that you
are the most modest and the most modest
of all along in your talk which I don't find
in the young women I meet with in the
present day. That's my view of it. I think for
myself. What does it matter to me whether
you're the daughter of a duke or the daughter
of a dayman? It isn't your father I
want to marry; it's you. Listen to reason,
there's a dear! We have only one question
to settle before we go back to your aunt.
You wouldn't answer me when I asked it a
little while since. Will you answer now? Do
you like me?"

Isabel looked up at him timidly.

"In my position," she asked, "have I
any right to like you? What would your
relations and friends think if I said yes?"

Hardyman gave her a slight admira-
tory squeeze with his arm.

"What! You're at it again? A nice way
to answer a man, to call him 'sir,' and to get
behind his rank as if it were a place of refuge
from him. I hate talking of myself, but you
force me to it. Here is my position in the
world: I have got an elder brother, he is
married, and he has a son to succeed him in
the title and the property. You understand
so far! Very well! Years ago I shifted my
share of the rank (whatever it may be) on to
my brother's shoulders. Here's a thorough
good fellow, and he has carried my dignity
for me, without once dropping it, ever
since. As for what people may say, they
have said it already, from my father and
mother downward, in the time when I took
to the horses and the farm. If they're the
wise people I take them for, they won't be at
the trouble of saying it all over again. No,
no. Twist it how you may, Miss Isabel,
whether I'm single or whether I'm married,
I'm plain Alfred Hardyman; and everybody
who knows me knows that I go on my own
way and please myself. If you don't like
me, it will be the bitterest disappointment I
ever had in my life; but say so honestly, all
the same."

Where is the woman in Isabel's place
whose capacity for resistance would not
have yielded a little to such an appeal as
this?

"I should be an insensible wretch," she re-
plied, warmly, "if I didn't feel the honor you
have done me, and feel it gratefully."

"Does that mean you will have me for a
husband?" asked downright Hardyman.

She was fairly driven into a corner; but
(being a woman) she tried to slip through his
fingers at the last moment.

"Will you forgive me," she said, "if I ask
for a little more time? I am so bewildered, I
hardly know what to say or do for the best.
You see, Mr. Hardyman, it would be a dread-
ful thing for me to be the cause of your giving
offense to your family. I am obliged to
think of that. It would be so distressing for
you if I say nothing of myself if your
friends closed their doors on me. They might
say I was a designing girl, who had taken
advantage of your good opinion to raise her-
self in the world. Lady Lydiard warned me
long since not to be ambitious about my-
self, and not to forget my station in life, be-
cause she treated me like her adopted daughter.
Indeed—indeed, I can't tell you how I
feel your goodness and the compliment—the
very great compliment you pay me. My
heart is free; and if I followed my own in-
clinations—" She checked herself, conscious
that she was on the brink of saying too much.
"Will you give me a few days," she pleaded,
to try if I can think composedly of all this?
I am only a girl, and I feel quite dazzled by
the prospect that you set before me."

Hardyman seized on these words as offer-
ing all the encouragement that he desired to
his suit.

"Have your own way in this thing, and in
everything," he said, with an unconquerable
fervor of language and manner. "I am so
glad to hear that your heart is open to me,
and that all your inclinations take my part."
Isabel instantly protested against this mis-
representation of what she had really said.
"Oh, Mr. Hardyman, you quite mistake me!"

He answered her very much as he had
answered Lady Lydiard when she had tried
to make him understand his proper relations
toward Isabel.

"No, no! I don't mistake you. I agree to
every word you say. How can I expect
you to marry me, as you very properly re-
mark, unless I give you a day or two to
make up your mind? It's quite enough for
me that you like the prospect. If Lady
Lydiard treated you as her daughter, why
shouldn't you be my wife? It stands to
reason that you're quite right to marry a
man who can raise you in the world. I like
you to be ambitious, though Heaven knows I
can do much I can do for you, except to love
you with all my heart. Still, it's a great
encouragement to hear that her ladyship's
views agree with mine."

"They don't agree, Mr. Hardyman," pro-
tested poor Isabel. "You are entirely mis-
representing."

Hardyman cordially concurred in this view
of the matter. "Yes! yes! I can't pretend
to represent her ladyship's language, or
yours either; I am obliged to take my words
as they come to me. Don't disturb yourself;
it's all right—I understand. You have
made me the happiest man living. I shall
ride over to-morrow to your aunt's house
and hear what you have to say to me. Mind
you're at home. Not a day must pass with-
out my seeing you. I do love you, Isabel—I
do indeed!" He stooped and kissed her
heartily. "Only to reward me," he ex-
plained, "for giving you time to think."

She drew herself away from him—reso-
lutely, not angrily. Before she could make
a third attempt to place the subject in its
right light before him the luncheon bell rang
from the cottage, and a servant appeared, evi-
dently sent to look for them.

"Don't forget to-morrow," Hardyman whis-
pered, confidentially. "I'll call early, and
then go on to London and get the ring."

CHAPTER XVII.

Events succeeded each other rapidly after
the memorable day, to Isabel, of the lun-
cheon at the farm.

On the next day (the ninth of the month)
Lady Lydiard sent for her steward and re-
quested him to explain his conduct in re-
peatedly leaving the house without assign-
ing any reason for his absence. She did not dis-
pute his claim to a freedom of action which
would not be permitted to an ordinary ser-
vant. Her objection to his present course
of proceeding related entirely to the mystery
in which it was involved, and to the uncer-
tainty in which the household was left as to
the hour of his return. On these grounds
she thought herself entitled to an explana-
tion. Moody's habitual reserve—strength-

ened on this occasion by his dread of ridicule
if his efforts to serve Isabel ended in failure
—disinclined him to take Lady Lydiard into
his confidence while his inquiries were still
beset with obstacles and doubts. He respect-
fully entreated her ladyship to grant him a
delay of a few weeks before he entered on
his explanation. Lady Lydiard's quick tem-
perament resisted this request. She told Moody
plainly that he was guilty of an act of pre-
sumption in making his own conditions with
his employer. He received the reproof with
comparative resignation, but he held to his
conditions nevertheless. From that moment
the result of the interview was no longer in
doubt. Moody was directed to send in his
accounts. The accounts having been exam-
ined, and found to be scrupulously correct,
he declined accepting the balance of salary
that was offered to him. The next day
he left Lady Lydiard's service.

On the 10th of the month her ladyship re-
ceived a letter from her nephew.

The health of Felix had not improved. He
had made up his mind to go abroad again
towards the end of the month. In the mean-
time he had written to his friend at Paris,
and he had the pleasure of forwarding an
answer. The letter inclosed announced that
the lost £500 note had been made the subject
of careful inquiry in Paris. It had not been
traced. The French police offered to send to
London one of their best men, well ac-
quainted with the English language, if Lady
Lydiard was desirous of employing him. He
would be perfectly willing to act with an
English officer in conducting the investiga-
tion, should it be thought necessary. Mr.
Troy, being consulted as to the expediency
of accepting this proposal, objected to the
pecuniary terms demanded as being extrava-
gantly high. He suggested waiting a little
before any reply was sent to Paris; and he
engaged meanwhile to consult a London sol-
icitor who had great experience in cases of
theft, and whose advice might enable them to
dispense entirely with the services of the
French police.

Being now a free man again, Moody was
able to follow his own inclinations in regard
to the instructions which he had received from
Old Sharon.

The course that had been recommended to
him was repellent to the self-respect and the
sense of delicacy which were among the in-
bred virtues of Moody's character. He
shrunk from forcing himself as a friend on
Hardyman's valet; he recoiled from the idea
of tempting the man to steal a specimen of
his master's handwriting. After some con-
sideration he decided on applying to the
agent who collected the rents at Hardyman's
London chambers. Being an old acquaintance
of Moody's, this person would certainly
not hesitate to communicate the address of
Hardyman's bankers if he knew it. The ex-
periment, tried under these favoring circum-
stances, proved perfectly successful. Moody
proceeded to Sharon's lodgings the same day
with the address of the bankers in his pocket-
book. The old vagabond, greatly amused by
Moody's scruples, saw plainly enough that so
long as he wrote the supposed letter from
Hardyman in the third person it mattered
little what handwriting was employed, seeing
that no signature would be necessary. The
letter was at once composed, on the model
which Sharon had already suggested to
Moody, and a respectable messenger (so far
as outward appearance went) was employed
to take it to the bank. In half an hour the
answer came back. It added one more to
the difficulties which beset the inquiry after
the lost money. No such sum as £500 had
been paid, within the dates mentioned, to the
credit of Hardyman's account.

Old Sharon was not in the least discom-
posed by this fresh check. "Give my love to
the dear young lady," he said, with his cus-
tomary impudence, "and tell her we are one
degree nearer to finding the thief."

Moody looked at him, doubting whether
he was in jest or in earnest.

"Must I squeeze a little more information
into that thick head of yours?" asked Sharon.
With this question he produced a weekly
newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph
which reported, among the items of sporting
news, Hardyman's recent visit to a sale of
horses at a town in the north of France.

"We know he didn't pay the bank note in to
his account," Sharon remarked. "What else
did he do with it? Took it to pay for the
horses that he bought in France? Do you see
your way a little plainer now? Very good.
Let's try next if the money holds out. Some-
times must cross the channel in search of the
note. Which of us two is to sit in the steam-
boat with a white basin on his lap? Old
Sharon, of course." He stopped to count the
money still left out of the sum deposited by
Moody to defray the cost of the inquiry.

"All right," he went on. "I've got enough
to pay my expenses there and back. Don't
stir out of London till you hear from me. I
can't tell how soon I may want you. If
there's any difficulty in tracing the note, your
hand will have to go into your pocket again.
Can't you get the law to join you? Lord!
how I should enjoy quandering his money!
It's a downright disgrace to me to have only
got one guinea out of him. I could tear my
flesh off my bones when I think of it."

The same night Old Sharon started for
France by way of Dover and Calais.

Two days elapsed and brought no news
from Moody's agent. On the third day he
received some information relating to Sharon—
not from the man himself, but in a letter
from Isabel Miller.

"For once, dear Robert," she wrote, "my
judgment has turned out to be sounder than
yours. That useful old man has confirmed
my worst opinion of him. Pray have him
punished. Take him before a magistrate and
charge him with cheating you out of your
money. I inclose the sealed letter which he
gave me at the farm house. The week's time
he was to open it expired yesterday. Was
there ever anything so impudent and so
inhuman! I am too vexed and angry about
the money you have wasted on this old
wretch to write more. Yours, gratefully
and affectionately, ISABEL."

The letter in which Old Sharon had under-
taken by way of pacifying Isabel to write
the name of the thief, contained these lines:
"You are a charming girl, my dear; but
you still want one thing to make you perfect,
and that is a lesson in patience. I am proud
and happy to teach you. The name of the
thief remains for the present Mr.—
(blank)."

From Moody's point of view there was but
one thing to be said of this—it was just like
Old Sharon! Isabel's letter was of infinitely
greater import to him. He fastened his eyes
on the words above the signature; she signed
herself, "Yours, gratefully and affectionately."
Did the last word mean that she was
really beginning to be fond of him? After
kissing the word he wrote a comforting let-
ter to her, in which he pledged himself to
keep a watchful eye on Sharon, and to trust
him with no more money until he had hon-
estly earned it first.

A week passed. Moody (longing to see
Isabel) still waited in vain for news from
France. He had just decided to delay his
visit to South Morden no longer, when the
errand boy employed by Sharon brought him
this message: "The old 'un's at home,
and waitin' to see yer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sharon's news was not of an encouraging
character. He had met with serious difficul-
ties, and had spent the last farthing of
Moody's money in attempting to overcome them.

One discovery of importance he had cer-
tainly made. A horse withdrawn from the
sale was the only horse that had met with
Hardyman's approval. He had secured the
animal at the high reserved price of twelve
thousand francs—being four hundred and

eighty pounds in English money—and he
had paid with an English bank note. The
seller, a French horse dealer resident in
Brussels, had returned to Belgium immedi-
ately on completing the negotiation. Sharon
had ascertained his address, and had
written to him at Brussels, inclosing the
number of the lost bank-note. In two days
he had received an answer informing him
that the horse dealer had been called to
England by the illness of a relative, and that
he had hitherto failed to send any address to
which his letters could be forwarded. Hear-
ing this, and having exhausted his funds,
Sharon had returned to London. It now
rested with Moody to decide whether the
course of the inquiry should follow the horse
dealer next. There was the cash account,
showing how the money had been spent.
And there was Sharon, with his pipe in his
mouth and his dog on his lap, waiting for
orders.

Moody wisely took time to consider before
he committed himself to a decision. In the
meanwhile he ventured to recommend a new
course of proceeding which Sharon's report
had suggested to his mind.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we have
taken in vain the straight road lay for-
ward in view when the straight road lay be-
hind us. If Mr. Hardyman has passed the
stolen note, you know as well as I do that he
has passed it innocently. Instead of wasting
time and money in trying to trace a
stranger, why not tell Mr. Hardyman what
has happened, and ask him to give us the
number of the note? You can't think of
everything, I know; but it does seem strange
that this idea didn't occur to you before you
went to France."

"Mr. Moody," said Old Sharon, "I shall
have to cut your acquaintance. You are a
man without faith; I don't like you. As if
I hadn't thought of Hardyman weeks since!"
he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Are you
really soft enough to suppose that a gentle-
man in his position would talk about his
money affairs to me? You know mighty
little of him if you do. A fortnight since I
sent one of my men (most respectfully dressed)
to hang about his farm and see what infor-
mation he could pick up. My man became
painfully acquainted with the toe of a boot.
It was thick, sir; and it was Hardyman's."

"I will run the risk of the boot," Moody
replied, in his quiet way.

"And put the question to Hardyman?"

"Yes."

"Very good," said Sharon. "If you get
your answer from his tongue instead of his
boot, the case is an end—unless I have
made complete mess of it. Look here, Mr.
Moody! If you want to do me a good turn,
tell the lawyer that the guinea opinion was
the right one. Let him know that he was the
fool, not you, when he buttoned up his pocket
and refused to trust me. And, I say!"

Moody looked at him, relapsing into his cus-
tomary impudence, "you're in love, you
know, with that nice girl I like her myself.
When you marry her invite me to the wed-
ding. I'll make a sacrifice—I'll brush my
hair and wash my face in honor of the occasion."

Returning to his lodgings, Moody found
two letters waiting on the table. One of
them bore the South Morden postmark. He
opened that letter first.

It was written by Miss Pink. The first
lines contained an urgent entreaty to keep
the circumstances connected with the loss of
the five hundred pounds the strictest secret
from every one in general, and from Hard-
yman in particular. The reasons assigned for
making the strange request were next ex-
pressed in these terms: "My niece Isabel is
an happy to inform you, engaged to be
married to Mr. Hardyman. If the slightest
hint reached him of her having been associ-
ated, no matter how cruelly and unjustly,
with a suspicion of theft, the marriage would
be broken off, and the result to herself and
to everybody connected with her would be
disgrace for the rest of our lives."

On the blank space at the foot of the page
a few words were added in Isabel's writing:
"Whatever changes there may be in my
feelings, my heart is one that you will still
let me love you and value you as I might
have loved and valued a brother."

The letter dropped from Moody's hands.
Not a word, not even a sigh, passed his lips.
In tedious silence he submitted to the pang
that wrung him—careless of the wreck of his
life.

To be Continued.

Let no Man Sneer at a Want of a Fortune

The great increase of business
throughout the entire Union is shown
by the largely augmented monthly
schemes of Distribution presented by
The Louisiana State Lottery at New
Orleans, drawn at noon on the second
Tuesday of each month. On Tuesday,
Feb. 8th, over \$222,000 will be scattered
among ticket holders at \$10 each, and
fractional tenths at \$1 each. In June
and December the Capital Prize will be
\$300,000, and on other occasions \$150,000.
But full information can be had on ap-
plication to M. A. Dauphin, New Or-
leans, La. Let no one complain of a
want of a fortune who had never tried.

Carthage Mirror: Remove the tar-
riff tax on the necessities of life and
every city, town, hamlet and farming
district of the south will at once be-
come prosperous.

"There was a man in to see you
while you were out," said the foreman
to the editor of a Dakota paper, "and
he said he thought he must be some rela-
tion to you because his name was the
same."

"He was a rank fraud—I haven't got
a relative in the world. You didn't get
like a blank fool and give him some
money, did you?"

"Why, no, he didn't ask for any.
He said he guessed he'd subscribe on
the strength of the relationship—here's
the two dollars."

"Subscribed eh? Well, well, that's
good. Must have been Uncle George
—I never expected to see him out in
this country."—Edwin Bell.

Sam Houston's Abstinence Pledge.

Col. Elias Rector, of Arkansas, used
to tell a good story about his riding
some miles with Sam Houston, then on
his way to Texas to take part in the war
of Independence. Houston rode a pony,
was dressed in a buckskin suit, and with
his rifle stretched across his shoulder he
looked every inch the hunter. He drank
freely from a bottle. At length they ar-
rived at the fork of the two trails, one
of which led to Fort Smith, where Rector
was going, and the other to Texas.
Houston held up his bottle in the air,
and was about proposing a parting
drink, when young Rector checked him
and said if Houston would not consider
it impertinent in a young man he wished
to make a request.

"What is it?" said Houston. "It is,"
replied Rector, "that you here pledge
yourself never to take another drink of
intoxicating liquors." "All right, my
boy," said Houston, "I'll do it," and rais-
ing the bottle above his head he dashed it
to the ground, wetting the ground,
with its contents. "Now," said Rector,
"as a slight gift in memory of me, I will
give you my razor," it being the cus-
tom of the people in those days to carry
their razor and shave themselves. Hous-
ton accepted the gift, and on extending
his left arm whetted the razor on his
leathern sleeve, and with an exulting
tone remarked: "I'll keep this razor
and shave me with it when I become
president of the republic." He put up
with his borrowed pony, and the friends
parted. Houston kept his word, he kept
the razor until he became president of
the republic of Texas.—Ben: Perley
Poore.

A Gypsy Chief's Chariot.

A Gypsy chief recently had an elegant
chariot manufactured at Baltimore.
The body of the vehicle, which over-
hangs the wheels, is divided in two
apartments, the back portion being re-
served for sleeping and the front used as
a sitting place while traveling. The
seats are ornamented with checker
boards, a favorite game of this romantic
people. The whole interior is of pol-
ished poplar, and besides having places
for clothes there is a secret recess for
money or valuables which would tantal-
ize a professional thief to locate. The
windows are of cut and stained-glass,
and folding doors are used to securely
close up the whole wagon. The paint-
ing of the whole wagon is very beauti-
ful, designs representing commerce and
the arts being employed, and the whole
outside body is covered with gold and
silver stars. This handsome vehicle is
valued at \$9,000.—Chicago Herald.

Duration of Infectiousness.

The duration of the infectious stages
of various diseases is thus given by Dr.
J. F. Pearson, an English physician:
Measles, from the second day of the dis-
ease, for three weeks; small-pox, from
the fourth day, for four weeks; scarlet
fever, from the fourth day, for seven
weeks; mumps, from the second day,
for three weeks; diphtheria, from the
first day, for three weeks. The incu-
pation periods, or intervals occurring
between exposures to infection and the
first symptoms, are as follows: Whoop-
ing cough, fourteen days; mumps,
eighteen days; measles, ten days; small-
pox, twelve days; scarlet fever, three
days; diphtheria, fourteen days.—Ar-
kansas Traveler.

Summit of North America.

Professor Iglesias, of San Luis Potosi,
maintains that the barometrical mea-
surements of the Mexican mountains have
been formulated without due allowance
for the influence of the coast climate,
and that Mount Orizaba, not Popocate-
petl, is the summit of the North Ameri-
can continent. It is certainly the finest
mountain of the Mexican Cordillera.
Its rival humps its broad back above the
naked hills of the central plateau, while
Orizaba lifts its symmetrical cone high
above the pine summits of the coast
range, as the only snow-peak which the
mariners of the gulf can view in its full
grandeur. The height exceeds that of
Mont Blanc by at least 2,000 feet.—Boston
Budget.

A Medical Journal's Distinction.

The Lancet makes a distinction be-
tween what it calls the use and abuse
of tobacco. The man who can say, "I
always know when I have smoked
enough—if I go beyond the just limit I
lose my power of prompt decision," is
one, it suggests, who had better not
smoke at all; but "a moderate use of
tobacco soothes the senses, and leaves
the mental faculties free from irri-
tation, and ready for calmly-clear intel-
lectual processes. When this is not the
effect produced by smoking, the 'weed'
had better be eschewed."—Chicago
Times.

Earthquakes and Forest Trees.

While the subject of earthquakes is
under discussion it might not be inap-
propriate to mention that one notable
feature in connection with the New
Madrid earthquake was its effect on
forest trees. Gigantic oaks that, from
their exterior, appeared to be solid, were
discovered, upon being cut for saw-mill
purposes, to be much impaired and in-
jured internally, and as a rule presented
rotten hearts or splintered bodies. This
fact was noted, and has been commented
upon but no solution ever given.—C. P.
Ellerbe in Globe-Democrat.

Steel and Cast Iron.

A series of experiments recently made
by a French metallurgist are stated to
have proved that steel loses weight by
rust about twice as rapidly as cast iron
when exposed to moist air. Acidulated
water was found to dissolve cast iron
much more rapidly than steel. This
would indicate that steel bridges are less
affected by the acids contained in the
smoke of locomotives than iron ones.—
Boston Budget.

Strength of the Tiger.

It has been shown that the strength of
the lion in the fore limbs is only 69.9
per cent. of that of the tiger, and the
strength of his hind limbs only 65.9 per
cent. Five men can easily hold down a
lion, but nine men are required to con-
trol a tiger.—Arkansas Traveler.

In Chancery at Clarksville—State of
Tennessee.

CLERK & MASTER'S OFFICE,
December 30th, 1885.

R. D. Smith et al., Complainants, vs. Geo. T.
Price, et al., Defendants.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this
cause, that the Defendants, Geo. T. Price
and wife, Lou Price, are non-residents of the
State of Tennessee.

It is therefore ordered that they enter their
appearance, herein, before or within the
first three days of the next term of the Chan-
cery Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the
third Monday of April next, 1887, and plead
answer or demurrer to Complainant's Bill, or
the same will be taken for confessed as to
them and set for hearing ex parte; and that a
copy of this order be published for four con-
secutive weeks in the Clarksville Chronicle.

A copy attested: POLK G. JOHNSON,
Clerk and Master.

By A. R. Gibson, D. C. & M.
West & Burney, Sol's for Compl't.

January 30th, 1887-41.

In Chancery at Clarksville—State of
Tennessee.

CLERK & MASTER'S OFFICE,
December 30th, 1885.

H. L. Cornell et al., Complainant, vs. R.
L. Boulware et al., Defendant.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this
cause, that the defendant, R. L. Boulware is a
non-resident of the State of Tennessee.

It is therefore ordered that he enter his ap-
pearance, herein, before or within the first
three days of the next term of the Chancery
Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the third
Monday of April next, 1887, and plead, an-
swer or demurrer to Complainant's Bill, or
the same will be taken for confessed as to him
and set for hearing ex parte; and that a copy
of this order be published for four consecutive
weeks in the Clarksville Chronicle.

A copy attested: POLK G. JOHNSON,
Clerk and Master.

By A. R. Gibson, D. C. & M.
Charles & Daniel, Sol's for Compl't.

January 30th, 1887-41.

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of its condition. When the eyes become
weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is
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Scrofula, which produced a painful in-
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Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition,
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For a number of years I was troubled
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to obtain any relief until I commenced
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From childhood, and until within a few
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I suffered for a year with inflamma-
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other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally
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By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been
entirely cured. My sight has been re-
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My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted
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